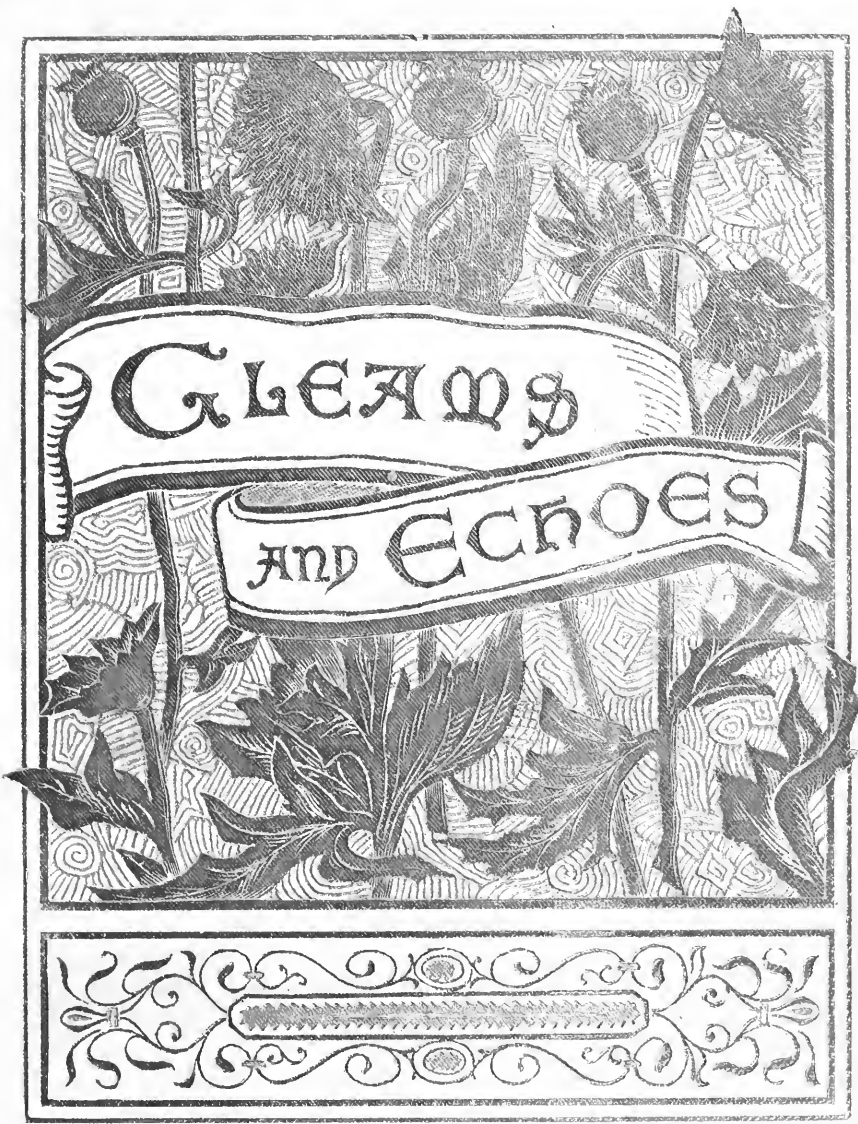


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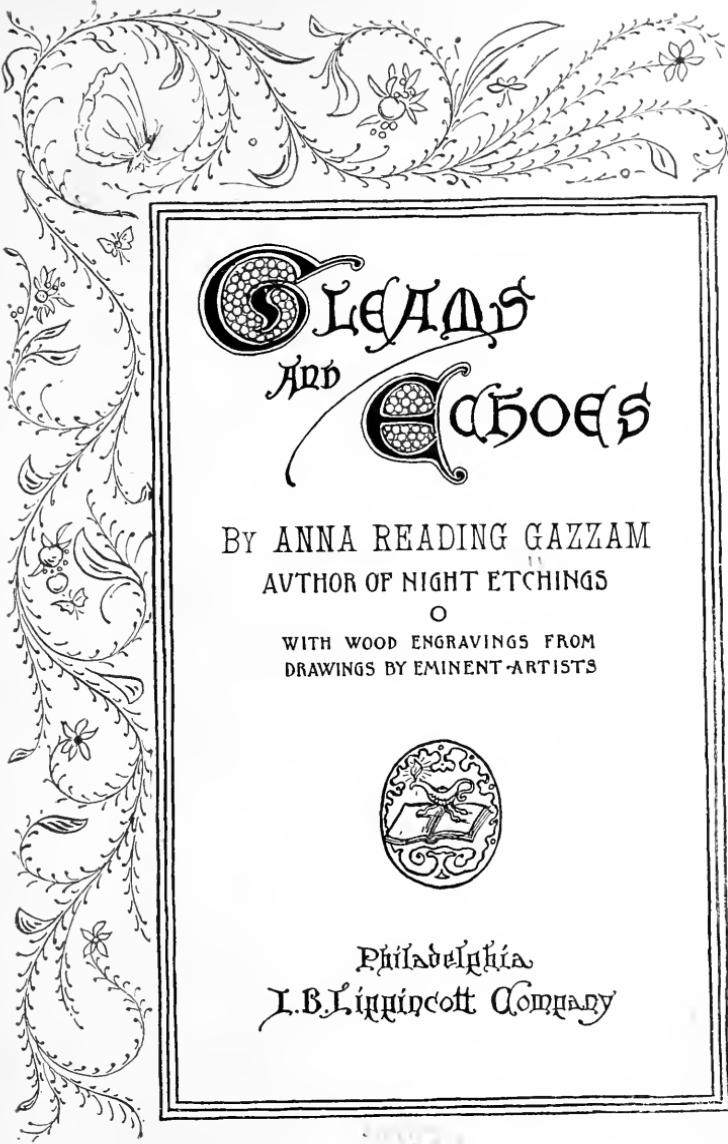
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GLEAMS  
AND  
ECHOES

BY ANNA READING GAZZAM  
AUTHOR OF NIGHT ETCHINGS

○  
WITH WOOD ENGRAVINGS FROM  
DRAWINGS BY EMINENT-ARTISTS



Philadelphia  
L.B. Lippincott Company

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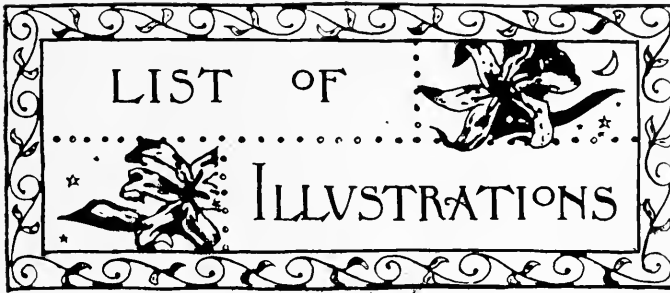
MY SECRET.

RAMBLING.

WILD ROSE.

BEYOND.





SWEET FERN.

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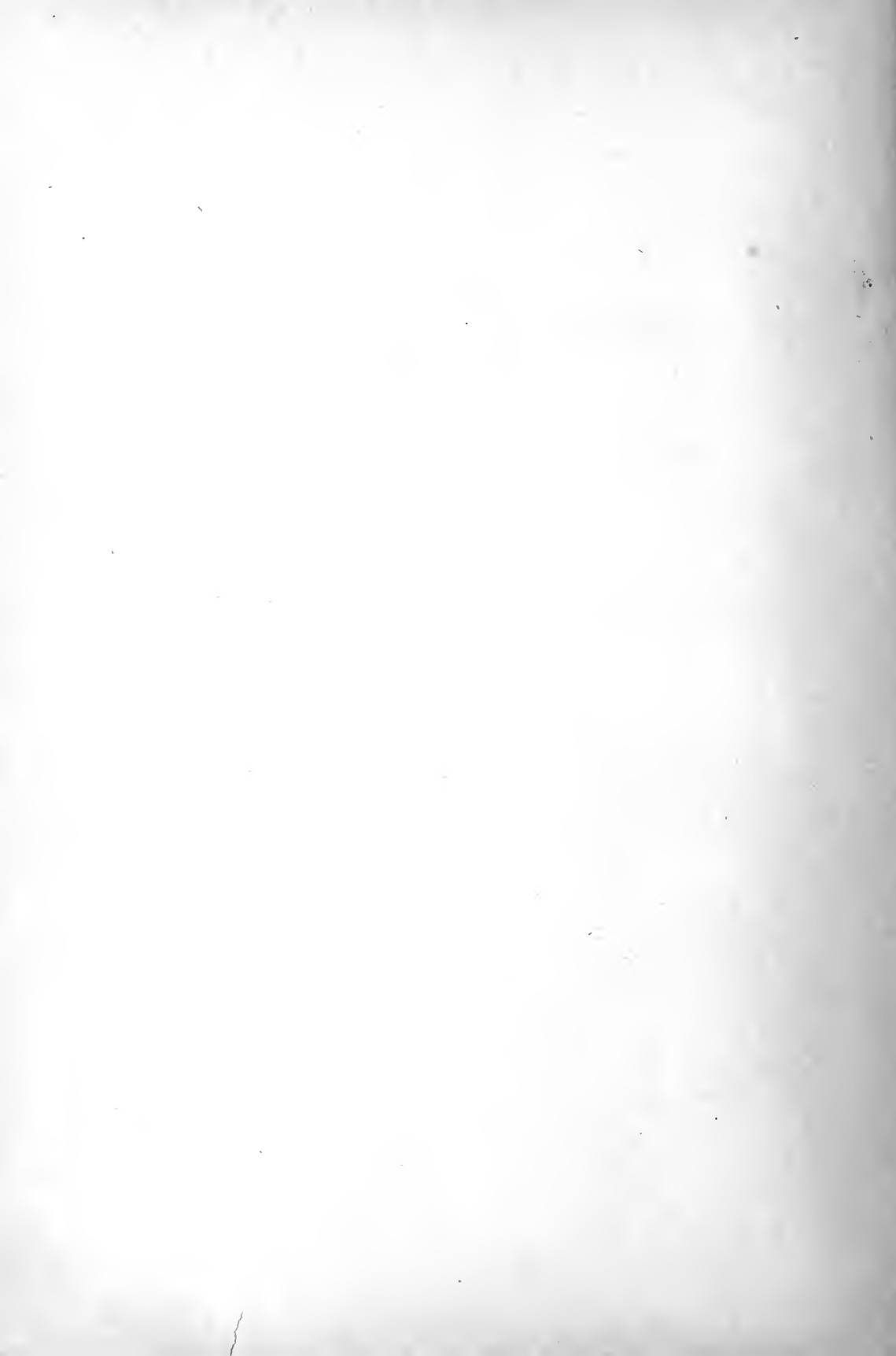
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## BEYOND.

*Drawn by* W. H. LIPPINCOTT.

*Engraved by* C. H. REED.



GLEAMS AND ECHOES.



## **PROLOGUE.**



## PROLOGUE.

SWEET, sad sounds that thrill us from the past  
And echo in the empty spaces,  
With voices faint and rare,  
Reverberating in life's deeper places  
So long as life and earth are bound;—  
Vibrating still with long, low sound  
While hearts shall love and lose, the low earth 'round:  
O voices! with faint sound so low, so long,  
Blend ye not triumph in your minor song?  
Sing ye not highest, O loves of long ago,  
Of that which dieth not?  
Art thou, O Memory, not swiftest, surest,  
With love and loss inwrought,  
Swiftest and surest, thy roots deep-struck below,  
To reach and catch the spirit's after-glow?



**SWEET FERN.**





If, on the banks of that other shore,  
Or pressed in some tome of spirit-lore.



## SWEET FERN.

'Tis the scent of a leaf, again,  
That brings me back the days of **Then**,  
Once, when my eyes were clear and blue,  
And my thought was always a thought of you;  
When my heart was white without a stain,  
And yours had nothing dreamed of death,  
Nor of love with its parted pain;  
Then—when you stood by the little stream,  
Your eyes far off, like an angel's dream—  
You gathered the fern of spicy breath:  
Ah, then—in the passionate years of then—  
In the pure, white, truthful years of then—  
You gathered this fern of the glen.



'Tis years since I smelled a sweet fern's breath,  
Till now, when the lost page open falls.  
Now I am darkened and sad and sere  
With the weights and the wrongs of many a year;  
Now I scarcely dare to think  
If a fern might grow on that farther brink;  
If, on the banks of that other shore,  
Or pressed in some tome of spirit-lore,  
A spicy breath might call to her  
A memory of the days that were;  
And I, shame-faced, would shrinking stand,  
Too soiled to touch the radiance of her hand.

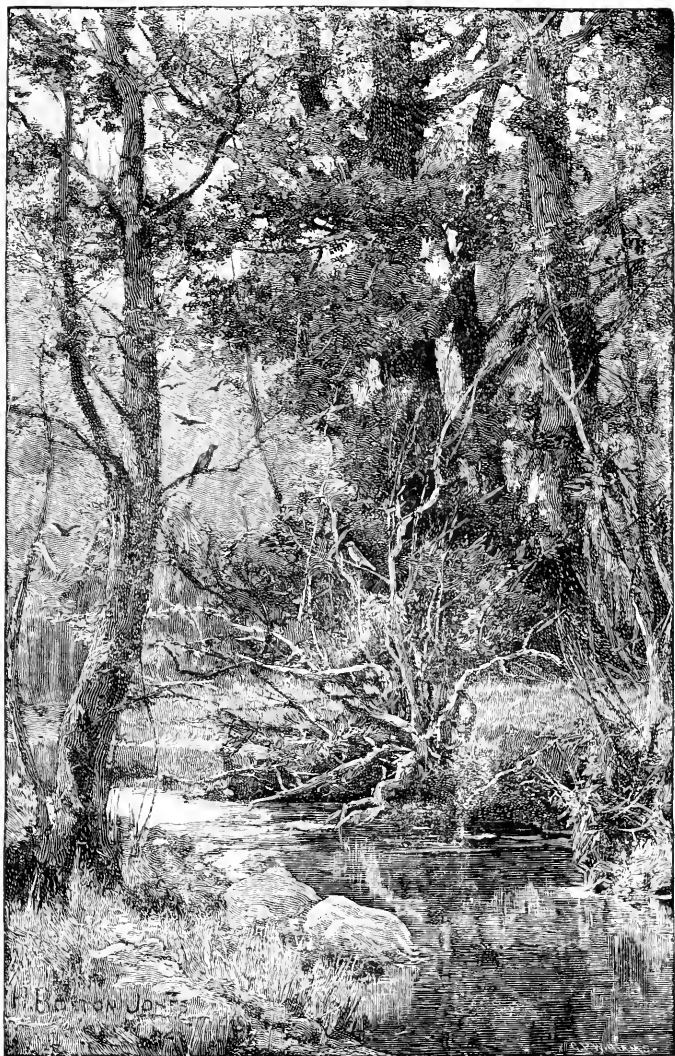


And yet I press this little broken thing,  
Fain, with my lips, and press it yet again.  
Even its fragile, gray-worn, crumbling mould,  
A scent of unforgotten days can hold ;  
Should I, at last, after dark doubt and dull despair,  
Drift to her feet, like some dead fern-leaf there,  
And if, from out the yellow-leafed decay,  
Should float some essence of that other day ;—  
Oh. Angel Soul, with love of heavenly measure,  
On thee I lean, to count it, hold it, treasure ;  
To hear thee, bending, say, “This outward-faded life,  
Weary and worn with failure and with strife,  
Brings odor from the past through years of loss and pain ;  
I press the deathless spirit to my own again.”



# SOUL ESSENCE.





So, from the heart of the wood-thrush.



SOUL ESSENCE.

**THEY** look at the lovely picture ;

**They** say, " 'Tis moon on the sea ;"

**But** from the shimmering silver

**A** face looks up to me.

**Deep** in spiced glooms of forest

**Haunts** an aroma rare ;

**And I** know the trail of *her* spirit

**Is** leaving its fragrance there.



So, from the heart of the wood-thrush

Quivers on heart of mine

An echo of buried music,—

Gone—in the lost lang-svne.



MY SECRET.





Ay, beyond the purple of far sunset summits.



## MY SECRET.

I WILL leave it with the mountains,—

They will not tell.

I will leave it with the grass-bugs;

In their light, harmonious ringing,

Like some atmospheric singing;

Like some hidden fairy, bringing

Back a dream of summer gone.

While they ring in rhythmic measure

Still will lie my little treasure,

Hidden in their song.



But the mountains will forget it

When I am gone.

On their far-off, silent heights,

In their tender, pensive lights,

There will be no lingering guerdon

Of my heart-intrusted burden.

On their summits soft will sleep

Other secrets in their keep :

Mine will go with me, they say ;

Others come another day.



And the whirring grass-bugs, blurring  
All the sunny, autumn silence  
    With ethereal sound ;  
In their cheery, light vibration  
Calling, " There is compensation,"—  
To the red leaves fluttering to the ground ;—  
    *They* will follow when the frost comes,  
Leave their haunts of field and hollow,  
Go, and leave the little secret  
Yet unkept,—unfound.



So, my heart, to you I trust it

Till death shall part.

Brooding, you will cherish, keep it,

In field or mart.

Faithful, though all else should fail it,

Will you prove:

Ay, beyond the purple of far sunset summits,

Beyond the waving lines of earth's best Ever,

Into golden depths of the Forever

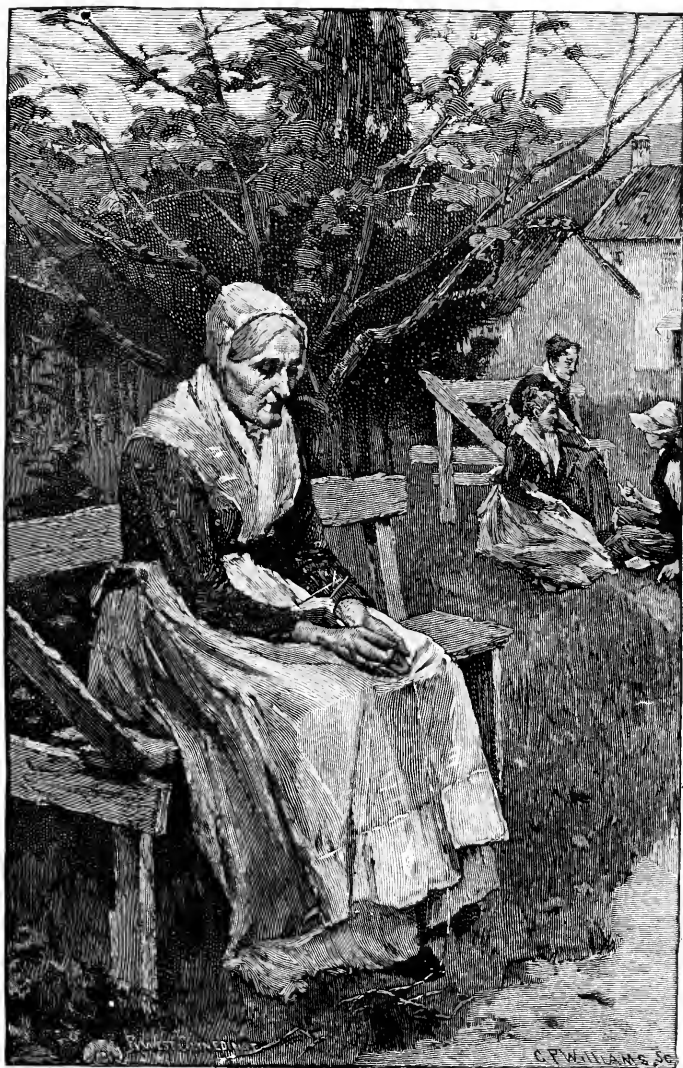
Will you clasp it:

Death—shall not part.



RAMBLING.





A glint seems to shine down the valley  
And creep toward my feet.



### RAMBLING.

'Tis the gleam of one scarlet berry  
Half hidden among some gold,  
Only this, yet my dim old eyes  
See a picture fair unfold ;  
And I travel silently backward  
Past long graves of years,  
Past the cypress-trees and the shadows,  
And the urns that are filled with tears :



Back, past the long, sad valley,  
To mountains sunny and fair,  
The mountains of the morning,  
Pink-tipped with sunrise there.  
As my thoughts look back to that high land,  
Where the sunlight rose so sweet,  
A glint seems to shine down the valley  
And creep toward my feet.



Now, a scent of long-withered blossoms  
Floats over the plains of pain,  
And I fall to wondering—for I'm old—  
If they'll bloom—up There—again.  
But they say I am always croaking,  
For I am old, you know,  
Always croaking of something  
That's gone, in the long-ago.



So I sit, and I think my old thoughts,  
And poor I know they must be,  
For the others, a score of years younger,  
Don't care much to listen to me :  
And I sit, and I walk, without talking,  
My heart among the old ways,  
Where the pinks and the larkspurs blossomed,  
And youth and love brightened the days.



And so I wander and lose myself  
About what I was going to say;  
But no one heeds, so it matters not,—  
My head is old and gray :  
I can't do things as I used to do  
Nor talk what I used to say.  
Sometimes I think the baby boy  
    I lost so long ago,—  
Sometimes I think *he* listens,—  
    Maybe,—I do not know



WILD ROSE.





But over the years, I remember.



## WILD ROSE.

WILD rose,—wild rose of the wood,—  
Rose of the road-side, and of by-path hid,  
Rose of frank smiles and childlike grace,  
Fair with innocence upon its face:  
The young spring gathered to her heart  
This child of the roses, dearer than the rest;  
'Twined it among her tresses fresh and fair,  
Wore the pink thing, with woodbine, in her hair.

One day, I mind me, sunnier than the rest,  
A sweet wild rose was gathered for my breast.



Back to the spring will wander Autumn's heart,  
For life's as fresh when the old leaves fall  
As when the young buds start;  
And life's as dear when the leaves are sere  
As in the spring's first thrall.  
Believe you, November, in mournful gown,  
Walking with sad eyes looking down  
Into the graves of flowers dead,  
Will press to her heart the seed-pods red.

In the dead days of November  
I twine no bloom in my hair,  
But over the years I remember  
A rose that withered there.



BEYOND.





And smiles again steal on those fading faces.



## BEYOND.

How dark the pines!

The woods stand dank and drear

With shadows only, all the light to blear;

And sad, low whisperings, in a minor key,

Murmur, "The lost, lone dead lie here:

The universe is brooded o'er with clouding trouble,

Time, nor eternity have aught of light:"

Like lost heart-courage, sighing low,

"The sun lies only on the long-ago."

But just beyond, with lifted face, full free,

The sea lies broad and bright,

Under the gold expanse of heaven's light.



So on my heart,  
In hidden, silent places  
The shades fall dark ;  
And sad, faint glimpses of half-fading faces  
Flit through the gloom, nor smile ;  
And death alone seems regnant,  
Pale and cold and grim,  
Enthroned in shadows dim.  
And then I lift my eyes, and, lo, broad, sunny places ;  
And smiles again steal on those fading faces ;  
And still beyond, with grand God-patience,  
Waiting to caress.  
Stands that which out-crowns death ;  
And Love, bending above all shadow,  
Waits to bless.



## REVIEWS.

"Gleams and Echoes" is well named. It is full of a sobered sunlight which falls through opening clouds, and glints among the autumnal of grief. But it is still genuine sunlight, and with its sympathetic glow will help to assuage the hearts of those who have themselves come to a mellow harbor of experience. Nothing could be sweeter than the minor-chorded verse of Sweet Fern, . . . and of Beyond. They leave a pleasant, wistful music in the ears, . . . which will make them favored companions through the year.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"Gleams and Echoes" reinforces the good opinion which we formed through an examination of "Night Etchings." It is certainly evidence of the poetic gift when fancy creates her own world—in this case a world of half hidden pathos—and dreams of it in musical metres. Each of the six poems is accompanied by a beautiful engraving.—*Review of Reviews*.

The poems rank among the better efforts of our poets.—*Commercial Gazette*, Pittsburg.

Full of feeling and graceful in structure.—*Evening Bulletin*.

A beautiful holiday volume . . . by the author of "Night Etchings." Each poem is accompanied by an illustration from drawings by such eminent artists as Turner, Jones, Dielman and others.—*The Transcript*, Boston.

Sweet, sad echoes of the past, vibrating with feeling.—*Public Ledger*, Philadelphia.

The poet and artist, combined, give us fine sentiment and beautiful delineations.—*Christian Register*, Boston.













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